

SOMNOLENT SOLONS.

A SLEEPY MIDSUMMER DAY IN THE SENATE.

Don Cameron Sees Senator Wolcott's Striped Shirt and Goes to One Better. An Inside View of the Cloakroom Punchbowl—Warm Weather Vagaries.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 19.—It is a warm day in the senate chamber. The heat rises in visible rings and columns to the beautiful ceiling, where the coats of arms of the states fairly swelter and their bright colors appear to run together. Presumably fresh air which passes over large quantities of ice is pumped constantly into the chamber by the great engines down under the terrace, but the atmosphere is more like that which has been passed over steam pipes or through the perils of a kitchen. The newspaper correspondents in the gallery are few in number and far from active. Everything is a bore to them, and they de-



IN THE CLOAKROOM.

nounce the senators on the floor below as a parcel of gossiping old women and wonder why they don't shut up and adjourn the long session. A senator known for his long speeches gets up to talk, and all the correspondents leave the gallery to find refreshment in the air of the outer world. The disgust of the average newspaper correspondent with a long speech in congress appears to be something past all comprehension and description. The scribes know very well that if it were not for the long speeches congress could do its work in one-third the time it now requires, and instead of sweltering in Washington in the middle of July newspaper writers and every one else would be away to the mountains or the seashore.

Old Captain Bassett sits in his big chair at the left of the vice president and struggles valiantly to keep awake. But even the large doses of Scotch snuff, which he uses as a counterirritant, fail to ward off somnolence, and the old man nods and dozes. Bless him, he has been here these sixty years, and he has a right to nod. The few spectators in the galleries are languid or sleeping. Three or four colored men on one of the back benches snore together, and a sergeant-at-arms rushes up to oust them.

The only gallery in which real liveliness is visible is that devoted to the use of lady visitors. Two or three dozen women are on the benches, and it is easy to see a majority of them are school mistresses. In Washington we see so many school mistresses in the course of a year that we learn to distinguish them at first glance, as we do brides and grooms and other classes of visitors to the national capital. Bright, sensible looking young women, these school mistresses are, too becomingly but not frivolously attired, observant, thoughtful though not glib, many of them worthy no doubt in character and culture to be the wives of the best and greatest men on the floor below, and few of the great men on the floor below worthy to spouse such honest, fresh and womanly young women as these. It is too hot to moralize—though the senator who is making a speech evidently is of different mind—but if there is any class of visitors to the Capitol who challenge our admiration and respect, they are the school mistresses. These are women who accomplish something in the world, who are intellectually developed and broadened by activity, whose none of their womanly charm by participation in the world's day's work. After a time, the best of it is, a great majority of them becomes wives and mothers, the better fitted for that greatest of responsibilities by virtue of their experiences in the school-room.

There is a general air of languor in the senate chamber. Senator Peffer is lazily fanning his whiskers with a bill, and many of his colleagues are present in negligee attire. Senatorial dignity requires a certain respect for the amenities of dress, but in hot weather it is difficult to tell just what these amenities are. For instance, Senator Wolcott, who has precious little respect for the old humbug known as senatorial dignity—a lack of respect which he shows on all occasions in true iconoclastic fashion—startled his friends the other day by appearing in the chamber in a very light and very flashy suit, with a red necktie and shoes to match. He wore a belt about his capacious waist and a shirt which challenged the admiration of the spruce young man who attends the senatorial bar in the basement. It was a shirt with hori-



CALL, WOLCOTT AND HAWLEY.

zontal stripes in it, and wide, generous stripes at that. Next day Wolcott's negligee shirt was outdone by a garment worn by the senior senator from Pennsylvania, Don Cameron. Mr. Cameron had seen Mr. Wolcott's shirt and gone it one better, for the Pennsylvania man's bosom proudly heaved under two parallel stripes, each of which was as wide as the one stripe boasted by his rival.

The other senator from Pennsylvania, Mr. Quay, is both locally and nationally known as the silent man, but Mr. Cameron can give him a discount on silence. As often on an average as once a month Mr. Quay is heard from in the senate, but I have heard him in Washington nearly four years and

a pretty constant attendant upon the sessions of the senate, and if I have ever heard Don Cameron say a word in that body except to answer yea or nay when his name was called the fact has escaped my memory. But with this famous negligee shirt, so Senator Vest said, Don Cameron was the longest man in the chamber.

A rather funny thing occurred a day or two ago. The World's fair Sunday closing amendment was under discussion, and you will remember that on this occasion the senate made a display of piety and devotion to religion and morality altogether unexampled in its history. It happened that just as one senator was delivering a very earnest address in favor of opening the fair on Sunday, because if it were closed the visitors to Chicago, having no other place to go, would be compelled to frequent the saloons, and just as the eloquent senator was enlarging upon the evils of intemperance, the loud pop of a cork was heard in the senatorial cloakroom. Some witnesses say the cork came flying out of the cloakroom door and hit Senator Sawyer on his bald head, but as I was present and failed to see the cork, I must set this story down as an invention. But that a cork had popped and that it was not a soda water nor Apollinaris cork, was evident to every experienced listener. It was a champagne cork and nothing else. The query naturally is presented, What was a bottle of champagne doing in the senate cloakroom?

For answer you should take a peep with in this famous apartment some hot afternoon. You would there behold a large punchbowl set upon a table and presided over by a colored man with a white apron upon him, and gathered about a large number of senators. Within the bowl is a prime article of lemonade—lemonade of that style and quality which the uninitiated should regard sparingly at first, unless he wants his head turned—lemonade which is a cross between a champagne punch and an Apollinaris lemonade, partaking of the good qualities of both decoctions. The champagne senators provide by means of subscription among themselves, but the Apollinaris, the lemon and the sugar are purchased out of the contingent fund of the senate. On a moderately hot day there is but one punchbowl. First it is set up in the Democratic cloakroom, and the next day it will be over on the Republican side. It doesn't much matter where it is, these old boys of the senate fraternize together without regard to political lines. On a real hot day, like the one I am writing about, each cloakroom rejoices in its own bowl of the soothing decoction.

This warm weather plays all sorts of freaks, not only with the clothes, but the manners of senators. For instance, Senator Washburn, the popular miller from Minnesota, was making a speech on the adoption bill. The mercury was high, and the senator was reading his speech from manuscript. As a rule manuscript addresses are not closely listened to in the



COKE AND HARRIS.

senate or elsewhere, but Washburn knew his subject so well and has so many friends that he was favored with a respectable audience. His most faithful listener was Senator George, of Mississippi. The latter senator's seat is away over on the other side of the chamber, but on this occasion he moved over on the Republican side of the aisle and sat down within five feet of the speaker. After he had been going about two hours Mr. Washburn saw an opportunity to pay a compliment to his devoted admirer and persistent listener. "As was so well said the other day by the distinguished senator from Mississippi, who now does me the honor to listen to me," exclaimed Washburn, and then he turned to the statesman from the south. Senator George was there, where he had been for more than 100 minutes, and his face was turned toward the figure of the Minnesota senator, but alas! the senator from Mississippi was fast asleep.

The coolest looking man in the chamber these days is Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut. He wears a linen suit that is about as thin as paper, but Senator Hawley is too dignified to put on anything that savors of negligee. His linen coat is buttoned tight, and there are outside pockets in it which hold the letters which it is his habit to carry about his person in large numbers. One quickly notices that there are two distinct styles of summer attire here—one the northern style and the other the southern. The only northern senators who go in for the summer things are Hawley, with his dignified linen suit, Wolcott, with his sea-bath outfit, and old Senator Sawyer, who has about his thick body a very thin alpaca coat, but without any vest underneath. He keeps his coat buttoned all the time, however. It is only the southern senator who loves to display his shirt front in all its expanse and glory. In this hot weather our average southern senator eschews waistcoats as an invention of the devil. He wears a short coat of some light material, and the rest of his visible attire is shirt and trousers, principally shirt.

Where they buy shirts with such enormous surfaces of starched material I don't know. In the morning they look very prim, but after the starch has worked and the shirts have developed a tendency to draw upward and become puffy and congested about the waist they are not pretty. Vest is one of those senators who eschew vests. Bate is another. In fact half the men from the southern states go about the chamber showing the red initials which their wives or their laundrymen have sewed on the front of their shirts under the little flap which is supposed to be tacked and riveted lower down. Senator Call is the most picturesque object in this line. He leaves off not only vest, but suspenders, and you can imagine the result. Senatorial dignity he hangs is evidently his motto when the mercury climbs toward the ceiling.

The two senators who take less heed of the hot weather than any other are two of the oldest men in the body—Coke, of Texas, and Harris, of Tennessee. They sit side by side, and when one of them feels that the heat of the chamber is rising a little too high and is warming up the blood in his old veins he leans over to his neighbor and asks for that plug. The plug is

produced, and with it two big pocket-knives. Then Harris carves off a series of shavings from the brown bunch of tobacco and waits till Coke has done the same thing. Together, with graceful motions which only long experience can bring, with a loving tenderness which defies description, the two great senators place the shavings in their respective mouths, close and put away the big jack-knives and settle back in their chairs apparently the happiest men in Christendom. With a synchronous motion which comes from perfect sympathy and harmony between them their jaws work together, not only at the outset and for one minute, but for hours and hours, like two kine creatures enjoying the afternoon with their ends under the shade of a peaching tree. No heat disturbs them, nothing ruffles their even tempers. They simply chew and chew, and expectorate and expectorate, occasionally pausing for fresh supplies, alternately from each other's plug—neither would think of replenishing by himself if the other were in the Capitol—and thus the day passes and the days come and go and two really useful and admirable men find comfort in the weed which even an Ingersoll's eloquence has recently defended.

ROBERT GRAVES.

VERSATILITY OF CARL SCHURZ.

He Retires from Business Life to Resume Literary Work.

[Special Correspondence.] New York, July 19.—It is announced that Carl Schurz has retired from active business life and proposes to resume literary work, having in mind a number of magazine sketches, perhaps one or two short biographies and possibly a history of some phases of American politics.

Those who know Mr. Schurz well have felt for some time that his literary impulses were becoming too powerful for him to resist them, and these friends have believed that Mr. Schurz would spend his declining years almost entirely in the library or upon the platform.

Carl Schurz came to New York in March, 1881, immediately after Mr. Hayes' administration as president ended. Schurz had never lived in New York, although it had long been his desire to become a resident of this city. When he came to America he lived in Wisconsin and there gained high reputation as a stump speaker. People used to wonder that this man of German birth and education should have gained such superb command of the English language, so that in his speech scarcely a perceptible hint of German accent was revealed. And critics like Lowell and William Cullen Bryant and Charles A. Dana used to express admiration for his diction, copious and accurate, which this young German employed in his speeches upon the stump. He lived in several states, at last settling in Missouri after his return from the army and the Spanish court. There he became an editor, such service being interrupted by a term in the senate and in Hayes' cabinet.

He said to the writer in the winter of 1881 that he looked forward with delightful anticipation to taking up the editorial pen and resuming literary pursuits, and he seemed to have no other idea than that the rest of his career would be in such direction.

An arrangement had been made by which he was to become virtually the successor of William Cullen Bryant as the editor of The Evening Post. Mr. Bryant had been dead but a little while, and the announcement that Carl Schurz was to be seated at the desk which Bryant had so conspicuously occupied was one of the sensations of the time. For some reason Mr. Schurz did not remain long in that connection but in the short time that he was the editor of this paper the readers of it had splendid evidence of his mastery power as a writer.

Then it was announced that Mr. Schurz was going to change his career and in a most striking manner. He was actually going to enter business life. That was something with which his name had never been associated. He had been known as a litterateur, a diplomat, a statesman, a German and English tongue, a diplomatist and a politician holding a high office, but never as a business man. Now it was said that the directors of one of the great transatlantic steamship lines had offered him the post of resident manager in New York city. It was a place requiring special business qualifications in full satisfaction. Competition between steamship lines was intense, and these rivalries were developing new specimens of marine architecture which were expected to cross the ocean at almost railway speed.

Mr. Schurz took hold of this new work with extraordinary enthusiasm. He became fascinated with the science of ocean navigation and with the study of the exploits of some of the great navigators of the sea. He forsook the haunts of literary men and politicians and was found associating with business men. He could be seen any day on Wall street hurrying hither and thither with all the impetuosity of a broker who has important commissions to execute. He was fond of taking his friends to the pier where the steamers of his line lay and showing them over these boats. When his countrymen came to him, a steamship which many regarded the most perfect specimen of marine architecture, Mr. Schurz invited a great company of capitalists and merchants to go with him and visit this swift and beautiful monster of the deep. And when these men saw Schurz and his enthusiasm they said, "Ah, Schurz has at last found his place, and he has put politics and literature behind him, for he has discovered his true vocation in business."

About a year ago there began to be seen indications that Mr. Schurz was tiring of business life. He had taken up the pen and written what is perhaps the most perfect essay on Abraham Lincoln which has yet appeared. It commanded the instant recognition not only of the critics but of the masses, and although it originally appeared as a magazine paper its popularity was so great that it was republished between covers.

Then Mr. Schurz's friends said that he was anxious to write two or three papers of similar nature and was giving his spare time to such composition. Then there followed the announcement that he had resigned his post of resident manager of the steamship company, the resignation to go into effect on July 1.

Mr. Schurz is back at his desk. It is reported that he is writing two or three campaign speeches which will be delivered in the fall. It is necessary for him to write and commit to memory all his addresses. He cannot speak extemporaneously. When the campaign is over, it is understood in literary circles that Mr. Schurz will begin perhaps the most ambitious literary work which he has ever undertaken, for it will be the one by which he expects to be known to posterity. There are only hints of its nature yet given, but that it will be political and probably historical is accepted by his friends as a fact. That it will be an exquisite piece of composition so far as diction and style are concerned is certain.

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An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, to the Board of Control of the State of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Bonds and mortgages \$158,400 00

Real Estate 3,000 00

U. S. and other bonds 31,984 00

Interest due and accrued 4,040 00

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